

REGULUS.

A 1607/62.

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

D R U R Y - L A N E.

By Mr. H A V A R D,

AUTHOR of King CHARLES the First.

*Inter omnes suos laudabiles, & Virtutum insignibus
illustres Viros, non proferunt Romani meliorem; quem
neque Felicitas corruerit, nam in tantâ Victoriâ,
mansit pauperrimus: Nec Infelicitas fregerit, nam
ad tant Exitia revertit intrepidus.*

St. Aust. (de Regulo) Lib. 1. de Civitat. Dei.

D U B L I N:

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N,

Earl of SANDWICH.



MY LORD,

MODERN Dedications for the most part are the Reverse of a good Painter's Rooms; if you visit the latter, you are sure of seeing the Likeness of some of your Acquaintance; but look into the former and you shall scarce discover a Feature that you know: And tho' you sometimes find a great and good Name prefix'd, 'tis so treated by the Dedicator, so over-colour'd with the grossest Flattery indiscriminately laid on, 'tis like the Excess of the *French Ladies* painting their Faces, the most regular Features are often prejudic'd, and a good natural Complexion buried in the Daub of Art.

THE proper Choice of a Patron is more than half the Work of a Dedicator; every body therefore will conclude that I have little Labour upon my Hands, when they see your Lordship's Name to this; for what may we not expect from a young Nobleman, who (un-

iv DEDICATION.

der Manhood) gave such signal Proofs of a great Genius and right Tendency; whilst others of our Nobility were amusing themselves with the Effeminacies of modern *Italy*; your Lordship's right Taste and better Turn of Mind, determin'd to make Instruction your Pleasure, and Knowledge your Delight; left the enervate Sounds of the Opera, and paid a Visit to those Places, where Learning (tho' long since) flourish'd, and Valour fought for Liberty: ----- There, no doubt but your Lordship's Imagination was entertain'd with the most pleasing Images; you saw their stately Theatres arise, you heard *Euripides*, convers'd with *Sophocles*, fought over Battles that have been determin'd two thousand Years ago, and, hurried by the pleasing Power of Fancy, heard the immortal *Homer* repeat his divine Rhapsody: ----- These were Pursuits worthy an *English* Nobleman; this rais'd the Expectation of the World, and turn'd the Eye of Observation on you: ---- But when you rose up in the Senate, and spoke in your Country's Behalf---the Hopes of your warmest Friends were turn'd into Admiration----they could not reconcile what they heard with what they saw----they *heard* the Arguments of Wisdom, Prudence, Foresight, Experience, and grey Heirs----they only *saw* unbearded Youth----It was Matter of Wonder, because it cou'd not be expected.

REGULUS,

DEDICATION. v

REGULUS, my Lord, has succeeded upon the stage, and that Success has encouraged me to this Address: I have endeavour'd to assimilate the Sentiments of my Hero to those of the Patron I might chuse upon this Occasion; and if I have a Satisfaction in being told that I have done Justice to the character in the Play----give me Leave to assure your Lordship, it is doubled by hearing every body say, that I have made the Choice of a Patron with equal Truth and Judgment. I am,

My Lord,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most humble and most

Obedient Servant,

W. HAVARD

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the AUTHOR.

YOU'VE seen one Patriot, in his Country's Cause
 Stand forth, and die with her expiring Laws;
 In Cæsar's Reign he saw great Freedom's Grave,
 And perish'd with the Rights—he cou'd not save:
 Great is thy Praise, O Cato! great thy Name!
 And yet to Night we bring an honest Claim,
 To more than Cato ever did for Fame. }

'Tis REGULUS appears—Methinks the Sound
 Infuses reverential Pleasure round:
 Methinks I hear amongst this free-born Crowd,
 The Sons of Liberty cry out aloud—
 “ Give REGULUS the Way—Is't not more great
 “ To save a People—than to share their Fate?”
 Such was the honest Motive of this Man;
 He for his Country's Glory form'd his Plan,
 One dy'd—when he no longer cou'd be free—
 The other—to preserve Rome's Liberty:
 Cato, indignant, spurn'd at Cæsar's Chain,
 Deserting Laws—he cou'd no more maintain;—
 Ours for the common Cause a Victim stood;—
 In one 'twas Pride—In this—'twas publick Good.
 Ye generous Britons, judge the Aim of both,
 And then distinguish the superior Worth.
 As for the Author—hither I am come,
 Not to prevent or deprecate his Doom;
 To your impartial Judgments he appeals,
 Let Truth prevail, and Justice fix the Seals:
 If Merit shines, Merit will make her Claim,
 And find a Passport to the Realms of Fame;

Your

PROLOGUE.

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*Your Approbation too will swell her Sail,
And unforc'd Praise prove a propitious Gale.*

*But if unnerv'd, if spiritless, and mean
Appears to you the ill-concerted Scene;
Let no false Pity harbour in your Breast—
But damn him for a Warning to the rest.*

A 4

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

IF one could credit what these Poets tell us,
These Greeks and Romans were surprizing Fel-
lows ;

But when compar'd with Heroes now-a-days,
Who can believe one Word our Author says ?

To-night fam'd REGULUS appear'd before you,
Brimful of Honour and his Country's Glory ;
So fraught with Virtue and with Patriot Zeal,
He laid down Life to serve the publick Weal :
Bless me ! was ever Man so wildly frantick !
We have no Patriots now are so romantick ;
We've no State Quixots as they had of Yore ;
Our Patriots buff, 'tis true, and rant and roar,
And talk of this and that---but nothing more. }

Their Ladies too were form'd with strange Ingre-
dients,

They lov'd their Husbands, and were all Obedience,
And tho' their Mates for many Years wou'd roam,
The constant Doves wou'd stay till they came home.

Martia, if what they say can gain Belief,
For Loss of Husband almost dy'd with Grief ;
And what is stranger still, they all agree,
That REGULUS was turn'd of Sixty-three.
Wou'd any modern Lady break her Heart,
Because an aged Spouse resolves to part ?
Wou'd she, to thwart his Will, be so uncivil ?

O no—the Man might go to Carthage—or the Devil.
What

EPILOGUE. ix

*What mighty Stuff compos'd those Sons of Freedom,
 The Classics say (I'm told by those who read 'em)
 That they were Mortals of such wond'rous Merit,
 That e'en when old they fought and lov'd with Spirit.
 Romans at Sixty-three, as I'm alive,
 Were better Men than ours at Thirty-five,
 In short, if all that's said and wrote be true,
 And they when old such mighty Feats cou'd do,
 O Lord! they play'd the Devil sure at Twenty-two.*

}

*Thus far with trifling Jests to please the Age,
 And to preserve the Custom of the Stage,—
 But now let serious, nobler Thoughts impart
 The warmest Wishes to each English Heart;
 May every Matron Martia's Truth approve,
 And every Maid like constant Clelia love,
 May every Decius find a faithful Friend,
 And every Corvus meet the Villain's End;
 May every Briton hold his Country dear,
 And Truth, not Party, every Action steer;
 May REGULUS's Conduct point the Way,
 And no false Glitter lead our Youths astray;
 May every Virtue be transplanted home,
 And Britain boast the Worth of ancient Rome.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

REGULUS	—————	Mr. Garrick.
METELLUS	Proconsul ———	Mr. Mills.
ATTILUS REGULUS	} Consuls	Mr. Taswell.
MANLIUS		Mr. Berry.
CORVUS	—————	Mr. Delane.
DECIUS	—————	Mr. Havard.
MUTIUS	—————	Mr. Bridges.
ÆMILIUS	—————	Mr. Woodburn.
QUINTUS	—————	Mr. Blakes.
SCAURUS	—————	Mr. Green.
First Carthaginian Ambassador	—————	Mr. Turbutt.
Second Carthaginian Ambassador	—————	Mr. Usher.

W O M E N.

MARTIA	—————	Mrs. Giffard.
CLELIA	—————	Miss Budgell.

Two little CHILDREN.

Lictors, Messengers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ROME.





REGULUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CORVUS.

CARTHAGE inclin'd to Peace? — ha! can it be?

What then remains for me, whose bold Design
Had plan'd my Greatness on my Country's Ruin,
And sold to *Carthage*, Liberty and *Rome*? —
Where shall I fly? — will *Carthage* take me in,
And with surrounding Arms protect my Guilt? —
No, she will sooner bosom up a Plague,
And with an Insult tell me, that the Wretch,
Who sold his *native* Land, wou'd sell the *World*:

It is the Curse of Treachery like mine,
To be most hated, where it most has serv'd.

SCENE II.

CORVUS, MUTIUS.

Cor. Mutius, what means this? — Is it a Truth
I hear? —

Does

Does *Carthage* think of Peace? and will *Himilco*—
 (O perjur'd faithless Man!) disclaim all Compacts?—
 Does he refuse my Services for *Carthage*,
 And send the Contract back, broken and void?—
 Curse on all Trust——

Mut. Why this disjointed Rage?—
 'Tis true that *Carthage* seeks from *Rome* a Peace;
 But hear the Motives——

Cor. Motives for a Peace?
 I shall run wild! —Can my Designs prevail
 By any Motives that conclude a Peace?
 Am I not ruin'd?—say, if *Rome* and *Carthage*
 Shake Hands in friendly Parle, and bend to Peace,
 What must become of me?—Naked I stand
 The Scorn of one, and Vengeance of the other;
 Both will deliver me, to Peace a Victim,
 And sign the Bond of Union in my Blood.

Mut. Corvus, is *Carthage* yet no better known?
 Dost thou by first Appearance judge Events?
 No surer hast thou learn'd to make Distinction
 Betwixt Necessity and Choice? Thou hast forgot
 Her rooted Hatred, Altar-vow'd Destruction
 To *Rome* and *Romans*;—Is she not at present
 Barren of Men, and destitute of Gold?
 She wants to breathe, and to recover Strength;
 Then with collected Force pursue Advantage:
 More sure we strike beneath the Mask of Friendship,
 Than in an open fair Hostility.

Cor. But wherefore this Delay?—and why, good
Mutius,

Was I not pre-inform'd?—'Tis general News;
 No private, no particular Dispatch
 Has been address'd to me:—Cou'd I expect,
 If *Carthage* had not shamefully betray'd me,
 To be almost the last in *Rome* to hear it?
 What should I think?

Mut. Not what your Rage suggests:
 Hear all and then determine: —Your Concern
 Is with *Himilco* only, safe with him

The



The trusted Secret lies ; had it been lodg'd
With the whole Senate, *Rome* had long since known
it :

Therefore be calm, *Himilco* is most just:
Sudden was the Resolve, the Causes many——
The principal were these——Their Coffers empty ;
Allies fall'n off, revolted Mercenaries ;
A Battle lately lost ; in which *Metellus*
Has weaken'd their main Strength, and sunk their
Hopes :

These were strong Calls, such as *Himilco's* Wisdom
Cou'd not but listen to——As to the Notice——
They but resolv'd one Day, and sent the next :——
Now chide your Rashness.

Cor. Well, but tell me, *Mutius*,
Art thou not charg'd upon this sudden Turn,
With some Dispatches from *Himilco* ?

Mut. No ;
His Hurry, and the Shortness of the Time,
Forbad his Writing ; to my Memory
He therefore trusted what he had to send :
His first Injunction was to warn your Care
To further this same Peace— for, much hung on it—
The Expectation of his Hopes and yours,
Many Advantages that ripen flow ;
And therefore wait the mellowing Warmth of Time ;
He prays you to be constant, and secure
Of him and *Carthage*.—Secret above all,
And not to wear the Colour of a Doubt,
But that all Compacts shall be ratify'd.

Cor. I thank thee, *Mutius* ; thou hast giv'n me Ease ;
O what a State is Guilt—how wild ! how wretched !
When Apprehension can form nought but Fears,
And we distrust Security herself !——
But will *Rome* grant a Peace ?—She must conclude
That *Carthage* wou'd not sue, but her Condition
Is weak indeed :

Mut. Therefore with well aim'd Choice
Have they determin'd on a proper Man

To urge their Suit to *Rome*; one, whose Advice
Will with Affection's Ear be listen'd to;
And by the Senate made the Voice of *Rome*.

Cor. What Man?

Mut. I know but one—'Tis *Regulus*.

Cor. Damnation! Hé?—but 'tis impossible—
Thou speak'st to feel my Temper:—Cou'd *Himilco*
From all Mankind chuse out no other Agent?
(My Fury must have Vent) No Man but him—
But *Regulus* to send?—And is he coming?

Mut. I left him onward, and my swiftest Haste
Cannot have far out-strip'd him.

Cor. Shame and Death!

Thou know'st, and so does he, with what Aversion,
What Hatred unappeasable my Soul
Has held that Man: Has he not follow'd me
With jealous Observation my whole Life?
Oppos'd my mounting to the Consul's Chair?
Made me obnoxious to the Eye of *Rome*,
Sowing the Seeds of Doubt in every Breast?
Consider too—if he returns to *Rome*,
How are we sure our Practices are secret?
Will not his Penetration mar our Schemes?
His ever-waking Care, his fix'd Attachment
To the romantick Service of his Country,
Will shake our Cause with Danger's strongest Blast;
I say again, 'twas wrong;—'twas unadvised
To send him here; and my divining Soul
Anticipates the dreadful Consequence.

Mut. But how cou'd *Carthage* act in such Distress,
But as sh' has done, or follow different Measures?
As she requires a Peace, 'tis only *Regulus*
That can secure it—nay, his Interest too,
His natural Fondness to continue here,
Will win him to employ his best Persuasion.

Cor. *Carthage* again is wrong—she knows him not—
His Head, Chimæra-fill'd, with vain Ideas
Of stedfast Honour, and of publick Good,
Turns not one Look to Interest or to Safety;

If he suspects his Country suffers by it,
The smallest Part of Honour or of Land,
No Views can bribe him to a Thought of Peace.

Mut. What, not when Life depends on the Success?
Hear the Conditions—e'er he parted thence,
In a full Senate he receiv'd an Oath,

Whose Tenor bound him to return to *Carthage*,
Failing at *Rome*; and then they told him, Mercy
Should be cut off, and Death shou'd be his Doom:
But such a Death—so dreadful and so horrid,
That the Thought shudders me; the Rack's Extension
Is Ease and downy Slumber to the Pains

Which they describ'd to him: "If thou succeed'st not
(Such were their Words) "prepare to meet a Torture

"More exquisite than yet Invention practis'd;

"The Bull of *Phalaris*, *Procrustes*' Bed,

"That (lopping or extending) fitted all,

"Will in Idea wrong what thou shalt feel:

"Thy Eye-lids torn away, thou shalt be fix'd

"Against the Glare of the Meridian Sun,

"Till thou shalt weep thy sight away; the Heat

"Impregnating the Nerves, shall fire the Brain

"And whirl consuming Madness; next, rib'd up

"Naked within a wooden Round, whose Sides

"Are arm'd with Steel inverted, and so thick

"They point sharp Pain almost at ev'ry Pore;

"Then from a Mountain's Height, whose broad
spread Base

"Defies the rough Encounter of the Sea,

"Thou shalt be roll'd in circling Agony,

"Wave-buried"—and to fill up their Description

They to his View presented their dire Engine,

Their Piece-meal Torture.

Cor. Gave he then no Answer?

Mut. Unmov'd, he view'd it with a careless Eye;
Then smil'd, and said—I'm ready to set forward

Cor. Contempt of Death;—for me, I like it not—
The Consequence is fearful, but too late
To think of a Prevention—What must be done?

My

My private Fears are strong, nor can I shake
 This heavy Apprehension from my Mind :—
 But what of *Decius* ?—Say not he is coming ;
 Good *Mutius*, say my Rival is at *Carthage*,
 Detain'd the Hostage of his Friend's Return,
 And not with *Regulus* ;—

Mut. Your Hopes are vain :
 Within this half Hour you may see him here.

Cor. Why there again—Misfortune every Way
 Stares me broad-fac'd ; Ruin in ev'ry Shape
 Approaches—There my Love is sacrific'd ;
Clelia, whom, in Despite e'en of myself,
 I love—must then be his—that charming Maid!
 Nor does it aught avail that I have feign'd
 The Story of his Death, or she believ'd it ;—
 His curs'd Return will clear all Mysteries,
 And bring Despair to me :—But I must hence
 To make the best Advantage of thy News :—
 I must conclude on something—see where *Quintus*,
 My faithful Slave approaches ; him I leave
 To thy Occasions—We must work in Haste—
 Good *Mutius*, hie thee to *Valerius*,
 To him unbosom thy Intelligence :
 He will conduct thee to him.

Mut. To *Valerius* ?

Cor. To him, good *Mutius* ; — since thy Absence
 from us,
 He has been gain'd to join in our Designs ;
 And is my Colleague, if my present Aim
 Lights on the Consulship—by him, at large,
 Thou shalt be made acquainted with each Step
 Already taken to complete our Wish :
 Bid him (as we had Yester-Night appointed)
 To meet the Tribunes, and excuse my Failing :—
 I must confer with *Scaurus*, whom, thou know'st,
 I long-since plac'd, for Purposes of Moment,
 In *Martia's* Family, the Wife of *Regulus* :—
 My All is on the Hazard—*Mutius*, haste—
 And after meet me at the City Gate,

E'er

E'er *Regulus* shall enter *Rome*,—dispatch—
My Fate seems wedded to this Day's Event,
And Ruin or Success attends its Close:
To *Corvus*' Mind, the Certainty of either
Can feel but light—'tis Doubt creates the Pain.

SCENE III.

QUINTUS, MUTIUS.,

Quint. *Mutius*! My Lord!—What just return'd
from *Carthage*?

How fares my ancient Master?—brooks he well
His lengthen'd Bondage?

Mut. He is now returning.

Quint. Returning, say'st thou?—wherefore this
Confusion?

Why fly the Spirits from the Seat of Life?

Mut. Why start'st thou, *Quintus*?

Quint. *Mutius*, at thy News,
So strange and unexpected.

Mut. He returns,
To restore Peace to *Carthage* and to *Rome*.

Quint. [*Apart.*] Would he could give it to the
Mind of *Quintus*!

Mut. What say'st thou?

Quint. But a Doubt of his Success—
For *Rome* is angry at the State of *Carthage*:
Saw you my Lord?

Mut. He parted hence this Moment:
Thou *Quintus* art to bring me to *Valerius*:
With him I must confer.

Quint. I'll shew you to him.

SCENE IV.

CORVUS, SCAURUS.

Cor. Hast thou, according to my strict Commands,
Us'd thy best Means to sound the Mind of *Clelia*?

B

To

To dive into the deep Recess, where Thought
Lies working inward ; where the Spark Desire,
Cloath'd with the Ashes of Indifference,
Glow's on, and keeps a latent Fire within ; —
For to that Purpose have I plac'd thee here ?

Scaur. I know it well ; and my best Diligence
Has labour'd to that End : — The Death of *Decius*,
(Your first Injunction) have I propagated
With such Success, that she believes it certain :
Nay farther, having gain'd over to my Purpose
Calva, a Slave attending on her Person ;
Whose necessary Office sees the Maid
Disrob'd of Form ; whose trusted Care unlocks
The Door of ev'ry Wish, of ev'ry Fear :
Her Art has thrown in Doubts and Jealousies
Of *Decius*, while at *Carthage* ; of his Falshood,
Other Engagements, and her Love neglected ;
(Slights which no Woman can with Temper bear)
Which his long Silence (for you took right Care)
To intercept his Letters) seem'd strong Proof of :
But all is vain to raze him from her Mind ;
No Falshood nor his Death can yet efface
The deep Impression that her Fondness took ;
Silent and motionless whole Days she sits,
Nor cou'd you know her from the Sculptor's Work,
But for a starting Tear, or bursting Sigh.

Cor. Hast thou not felt her Temper as to me ?

Scaur. Oft have I try'd with well-dissembl'd Soothing
To win her to Attention ; and have prais'd
Your God-like Virtues, and your glorious Deeds —
But most, your Love — your fond Regard of her :
Abruptly wou'd she stop me in the midst,
And say, " I was not sad enough before,
" But you must start this Theme to make me worse : "
Sway'd by a strong Dislike she thinks of you !
Did I say hate — I should not wrong her Meaning.

Cor. *Scaurus*, thy well-meant Zeal, thy firm At-
tachment,

Have made it now my Interest to serve thee :

I have

I have more Labour for thee—but more Confidence—
Th' Account of both shall answer to thy Wish;
Be this my Earnest of it——this assure thee,
Thy Welfare is as near me, as the Bosom
Which now thou clasp'st—inform her I am here,
And wait to tell her News that will surprize her.

SCENE V.

Cor. Such is the Fate of Guilt, to make Slaves,
Tools,
And then to make 'em Masters—by our Secrets;—
But oh! this cruel, this disdainful Fair!—
Spite of her rooted Hate she must be mine:
But how? — The Death of *Decius*? — Ay — 'tis
fix'd: —
She must be borne away too, and made happy
Against her Will:—Be not Half-Villain, *Corvus*;
One Hand in Guilt,—plunge in its Fellow too,
And let both wear the Colour of my Thoughts.
See where she comes—Can Love be Weakness call'd,
That charms the strongest Passions of the Mind?
That subjects Reason to the Tye of Sense,
And pulls Ambition from its high-fix'd Seat?

SCENE VI.

CORVUS, CLELIA.

Cor. O *Clelia*! still this Gloom? — must those
bright Eyes
Be never seen but in a briny Tear,
Or through the half-clos'd Veil of Contemplation?
Wilt thou for ever bid Distress attend thee,
And listen to no Language but Despair?
Cle. I thought y' had Business—if you only came
To tell me I was wretched—'tis a Labour
You might have spar'd—for I have known it long.

Cor. You wrong me much—I come not to condolè,
To sooth the anxious Sigh, or soften Pain;
An happier Motive sways my present Purpose:
I come to banish Sorrow from thy Breast,
For ever to dispel the sad'ning Gloom
That hangs upon thy Youth, and bring thee Tidings,
Such as thy Hope despair'd of, and thy Heart
Will entertain with rapture—O my *Clelia*!—

Cle. What mean'st thou, *Corvus*?

Cor. *Regulus* returns—

Cle. Ye heav'nly Powers!

Cor. To the expecting Arms
Of his lov'd *Martia*; to the joy-shed Tears
Of his dear Children—and to grateful *Rome*,
To *Rome*, that empties all her Streets to meet him,
And with a Triumph crown his wish'd-for Presence.

Cle. Blest be thy happy Tidings—blest the Bearer—
O *Corvus*, never did I hear thee speak,
With such Delight and Transport—let me fly,
Pour the glad Sound into my Mother's Ears,
And welcome to her Heart the Stranger Joy.

Cor. Stay, *Clelia*—yet thou know'st not half thy
Bliss—

Not half thy Rapture:

Cle. Wherefore speak'st thou so?
Can there be added Happiness to what
My Father's Coming gives?

Cor. I know there can;
Know it with fatal Grief and dear Experience:
Hear then—but now my Resolution fails me—
I cannot tell—and yet I came to speak it—
To offer up this great Oblation to thee,
And be the Grave of all thy Grievs at once.

Cle. I am Amazement all!

Cor. And I Confusion—

O *Clelia*, tho' my Soul has held thee still
Dear as her Hopes of Immortality;
Tho' ev'ry Wish was center'd but in thee—
Here I disclaim 'em all, and give thee up

My Hope, my Happiness, my Peace of Mind,
And in Exchange will welcome thy Despair :
Thou wonder'st at my Words—

Cle. And well I may :—

Cor. Thou shalt not long— for know— thy *Decius*
lives—

Cle. What say'st thou ?

Cor. Certain—he returns to *Rome*,
Wing'd with the Transport of beholding thee :
Soon shalt thou see him prostrate at thy Feet,
Hear his known Voice, and feel his lov'd Embrace.

Cle. Is he not dead ?—thou flatter'st Misery :—
Is he not dead ?—Speak—ease me of my Hope,
And make the Tydings certain :—

Cor. 'Tis as certain,
As that despairing *Corvus* must be wretched :
O charming Maid ! ——— weigh but my Sufferings
justly ;—

I make no common Sacrifice —'Tis all—
My treasur'd Hoard of Happiness at once—
All lavish'd here—then, since my cruel Fate
Has from thy Tablet raz'd the Lover's Name,
O yet, be just in making some Return,
And substitute the Friend's.

Cle. O do not doubt ;
My Gratitude shall never close her Eye,
Till she has found Advantage to convince you,
That I esteem this Action as I ought.

Cor. I dare not think of more — and yet — who's
here ?

S C E N E VII.

DECIVS, CORVUS, CLELIA.

Dec. Forgive th' Abruptness of a Lover's Haste,
That thus intrudes ———

Cle. O *Decius* !

Dec. O my Love !
I thought I wore thy Image in my Mind

B 3

Beyond

Beyond the Painter's Likeness—but I find,
Thou now out-shin'st thy former self as much,
As the Meridian Brightness of the Sun
Exceeds his Morning Ray.

Cor. Perdition seize him !

And add the Pains of Hell to that Embrace !
See how she welcomes him to Life, and her
With the wild Gaze of unexpected Rapture ;—
I cannot bear it—

Cle. Never did I think,
O *Decius* ! to behold those Eyes again !

Dec. What means me Love ?—Ha !—wherefore
is he here ?

But that my Faith is strong, my Love secure,
And doubt a Stranger to an Heart like mine :
I should suspect the worst by seeing him :—
My *Clelia* speak—

Cor. Why, *Decius*, dost thou seem
So much alarm'd at me ?—what can you fear—

Dec. Not the best Vigour of thy Arm in Fight ;
Not all thy open Manhood can do to me ;
But when I fear—I fear with honest Men
Thy Treachery, thy Arts, thy deep-hid Guile,
Thy Baseness, native of thy gloomy Breast,
And every Vice that stains the worst of Men.

Cor. I have been told of *Afric's* Sun - scorch'd
Clime,
And find it in thy Railing—

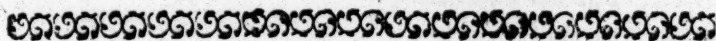
Dec. Let us hence—
The Man so hardy to converse with Guilt,
Admits a Parley that may end in Shame.

S C E N E VIII.

Cor. Curse on his coming—it has ruin'd all !—
For his Revilings—we were always Foes,
Nor shoud I chuse to hear a kinder Language ;
Well, since Deceit and Treachery are mine ;
They shall be both employ'd to dig thy Fall ; —

Do thou enjoy Distrust—and I Revenge;
 Yes—he shall die ~~him~~ but while I speak he lives—
 It shall be done this Night—Success attends
 Th' uplifted Arm of rapid Execution,
 While swift Prevention overtakes Delay :—
 —But *Regulus* approaches—I must hence—
 And meet him with the Mask of Friendship on ;
 Let honest Fools the Boast of Truth enjoy,
 To look by Nature, and thro' Passions speak ;
 But Men like me th' inverted Art maintain
 To weep in Pleasure, and to laugh in Pain.

The End of the First Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

CORVUS, MUTIUS, *meeting.*

CORVUS.

MUTIUS, what Tydings bring'st thou rom
Valerius?

Say, has he met the Tribunes?

Mut. I left him now
 Conferring with them ;—but they seem as cold,
 And wear such distant Strangeness in their Looks,
 As if they knew him not.

Cor. 'Tis what I fear'd :—
 The curs'd Return of *Regulus* has chang'd 'em:
 That Man was born to be the Bane of *Corvus*,
 To meet me at each Turn, unwind my Plots,
 And baffle every Scheme ; — but say, good *Mutius*,
 How was his Coming relish'd by *Valerius?*

B 4

What

What said he to the News?

Mut. A deep Surprize

Dew'd all his Face, and fix'd his out-stretch'd Eye ;
His Speech disjointed grew, his Action wild :
But by Degrees the settled Fibres loosen'd,
Restoring his first Visage——then, reminding him
The Tribunes waited ;—— with a deep-fetch'd Sigh,
He cry'd, I fear his Coming will undo us !——
In vain I urg'd the Reasons that calm'd you ;
He shook his Head, and with a wav'ring Shrug,
Irresolute and cold, went forth to meet them.

Cor. Ha! does he doubt? Nay, then I know my
Course :——

Not to proceed with Warmth is to betray ——
He shall be taken Care of.

Mut. Yet his Friendship,
So known, and so approv'd, will keep him steady.

Cor. Friendship? —— I have too deeply read Man-
kind

To be amus'd with Friendship ; 'tis a Name
Invented merely to betray Credulity :
'Tis Intercourse of Interests——not of Souls,
Betwixt the Wise ; and when the Fool will deal,
He only purchases a Lot of Air,
Yet pays his Wife or Fortune for the Bargain.

I will this Instant see him——if he faulter——
His Life shall pay the Forfeit of his Fear,
And fix the Safety of our Cause; Good *Mutius*,
Here the Arrival wait of *Regulus* ;
I will return with Speed——one Moment, seiz'd
By quick Advantage, over-rates an Age
Of Circumspection and deliberate Thought.

S C E N E II.

Mut. Friendship but Name——but an invented Cheat?
Where then is fix'd the Basis of our Cause,
If there be neither Trust nor Confidence?
Ha! where indeed?——I saw it not before——

How

How dreadful is the Prospect!—where is Safety
When our first Principle avows Destruction?
This calls for Thought—but I am interrupted—

[Retires.]

S C E N E III.

DECIUS, CLELIA, MUTIUS.

Dec. Truth wou'd be deem'd a Fable, shou'd I speak
But haif his Baseness; believe me, gentle *Clelia*,
(Tho' the beholding Thee was my best Wish)
Yet his ill-omen'd Presence damp'd the Meeting,
And pain'd the Pleasure.

Cle. His Pretence to me,
Was to inform me of my Father's coming;
Of thy Return and Safety:—These were Tydings
Must claim a Welcome from the Heart of *Clelia*.

Dec. No more, my Love;—let us not waste the
Moments,

For happier Subjects destin'd, on a Wretch:—
Look where his Agent stands——his black Accom-
plish: [Observing Mutius]

Do but observe the Face of Villany.
How different from the Brow of Innocence!
See what a settled Gloom obscures his Visage,
Sure Emblem of the Horror of his Breast,
Where his false Heart enthron'd in native Darkness,
(Unconscious and unwishing for the Light)
Broods o'er new Treasons, and enjoys the Mischief.

Cle. But look where *Martia*, where my Mother
comes,
On Wings of Transport borne to meet her *Regulus*:
See how Affection swells to Extasy,
O'erflowing at the Eyes—while every Motion
Speaks the unbounded Madness of her Joy,
And dresses Pleasure in Distraction's Garb.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

MARTIA, DECIUS, CLELIA, MUTIUS,
Children, Attendants.

Mar. Quick, let me fly—where is my *Regulus*?—
My Lord— My Love?—O let no *Roman* Eye
Behold my *Regulus*, till I have seen him —
Till I have pour'd my Transports in his Bosom,
And all the Longings of a five Years Absence—
An Absence, now o'er-paid—I now forget
My midnight Watchings, and my flowing Tears,
The Dew of every Morn; the constant Care
That wrung my Heart, and furrow'd up my Visage:—
All is forgot—my *Regulus* returns,
And Sorrow fades away—He comes, he comes,
Hark! the glad Crowds proclaim it to the Skies,
As if th' important News concern'd the Gods—
As sure it does—for what can *Jove* behold
With so much Pleasure, as a virtuous Man,
The Image of himself—O see—they come—

Dec. Retire this Way—the circling Crowd rolls on,
And in the Tumult of their mad'ning Joy,
Will over-bear ev'n you — this Way — good

Martia.

[*Retire.*

SCENE V.

CORVUS, MUTIUS, SCAURV.

Cor. What! has he enter'd?

Mut. See he now approaches;—

Say, hast thou seen *Valerius*?

Cor. In right Time,

And fix'd his wav'ring Spirit—he is *Redfast*:

See—*Regulus*— let us at Distance mark him.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

REGULUS, CARTHAGINIAN AMBASSADORS, &c.

Reg. Hail *Rome* and *Romans*! O thou much-lov'd
Land!

Whose gentle Bosom bore my Infant Steps;
Accept this Tribute of my filial Love:
And thou, great *Jove*, if, with a jealous Eye,
Thou seest me pay such Rev'rence to this Earth,
Such almost Idol-Homage to my Country—
Sure 'tis a Crime the easiest to be pardon'd.

Mar. I must have way—where is my *Regulus*?—
My Lord—my Life.—

Reg. O *Martia*! O my Wife!—
Long let me hold thee here:—My Children too!—
Transport is always silent, and my Words
Are lost in more substantial Bliss—but thus—and thus—

Cor. Curse on his speechless Extasies!

Mut. Be silent.

Reg. At length 'tis past, and Transport gives some
Way—

What shall I first demand, O gentle *Martia*!
Who have a thousand Questions of Importance
Waiting to be resolv'd?—But seeing thee
Answers them all, and I am more than happy.

Mar. O 'tis an Age since I beheld thee last:
What hast thou felt?—and what has *Martia* suffer'd?—

Reg. No matter what; to bear our Good or Ill
With equal Temp'rance is a *Roman* Virtue:—
My Wife!—my Children!—thus to see ye here—
O! be the Omen lucky and propitious,
That first presents the Objects dearest to me,
And teaches me, thro' them, to love my Country.

See, *Decius*, see, thou noble-minded *Roman*!
Whose great——whose wond'rous, unexamp'l'd
Friendship

Disclaim'd the Charms of native Liberty;

And

And follow'd *Regulus* to share his Bondage :
Behold this Cause for unaccustom'd Joy,
And share it with thy Friend—ye righteous Gods!
A Wife so faithful, and a Friend so true,
What can be added—but my Country happy?—

Mut. Why stand'st thou musing? join the publick
Joy,

And hail this Idol.

Cor. Thou instruct'st me, *Mutius* :
Amidst this general Joy for thy Return,
Let *Corvus* pour his Gratulations too,
And find 'em welcome.

Reg. Frank Sincerity,
Tho' no invited Guest, is free to all,
And brings his Welcome with him :—Such I hope
Thine, *Corvus*, is—I'm sure it ought to be :
They should not find Deceit, who never meant it.

Cor. Who do not mean Deceit, do not expect it :
And your Distinction furnishes a Doubt,
A Doubt of me—Can *Regulus* suppose—

Reg. No, he disclaims all Rashness: Well he
knows

That Supposition still out-flies Discretion,
And by a giddy Swiftneſs loſes Certainty :
If thou art virtuous, let thy Actions ſpeak it ;
If not—we have ſeen Falſhood—e'en in *Romans*.

Cor. My Teſt of Honesty and Truth, be Tryal,
But, till I forfeit Honour, think I wear it ;
Nor baniſh me thy Friendſhip—till unworthy.

Reg. Who lays a Claim to *Regulus's* Friendſhip,
Muſt firſt be Friend to Liberty and *Rome* :
The two firm Rocks on which all Friendſhips ſtand,
Are Love of Freedom, and our Country's Glory ;
Piety, Valour, and paternal Love,
Form the ariſing Pile: The other Virtues,
Candor, Beneficence, and moral Truſt,
Are Super-ſtructures, and adorn the Dome :

Prove thyſelf Maſter of ſo fair a Maſſion—
And thou art prov'd my Friend.

Cor.

Cor. I hope I shall.

Reg. There let it rest—O *Decius*!—what is Man,
When the worst Heart can wear the Brow of Virtue,
And false Appearance smile us to Destruction?—
And yet, what is he not, when crown'd with Truth,
With every social Virtue that thou wear'st?—
Then, then, we taste the Rapture of the Gods.

S C E N E VII.

EMILIUS, LICTORS, REGULUS. &c

Emil. May *Jove*, Protector of the Roman State,
Deck with his whitest Omens this blest Day,
That gives to *Rome* her long-lost *Regulus*.

Th' assembled Fathers of her awful Senate,
(Sharing the Joy that enters every Breast)
Have, to the Honour of obeying them,
Added the Pleasure of my greeting you;
And thus to *Regulus* they bid me say,
Welcome to *Rome* and them; more welcome now,
Than when a Triumph crowded up her Gates,
And the loud Pæan sounded thro' whole *Rome*,
Hailing her *Regulus*, who fought and conquer'd.

In a full Senate they expect his Presence;
And that he shou'd not pass the Streets of *Rome*
Less honour'd than when he beheld her last;
These Ensigns of the Dignity he wore,
These sure Preceders of the Consul's Steps
They will him to accept—and that he'd think 'em
Less meant to honour him—than prove *Rome* grateful.
So speak the Fathers with united Voice.

Reg. The Speed of this high Honour of the Senate
So far out-runs the Prospect of Return,
That even Acknowledgement pants breathless after:
Yet good *Emilius*, tell the conscript Fathers,
When *Regulus* last parted from these Walls,
He was *Rome*'s Consul, not the Slave of *Carthage*!
These Ensigns, that were then his highest Honour,
Are now his worst Reproach:—To sight, *Emilius*,

In a just Cause, and for our Country's Glory,
Is the best Office of the best of Men;
And to decline it when those Motives urge,
Is Infamy beneath a Coward's Baseness:—'True,
I have fought, and conquer'd for my Country,
And in the Act of Service—paid myself:
But I have fought, and how—*Xantippus* knows,
Who, from *Rome's* Consul—led me Slave to *Carthage*:
Still glows the Brand upon my Servile Front,
And while the Mark—or its Remembrance lives,
I am an Alien to such Pomp as this.

Say to th' assembled Fathers, that their Love
Has over-run their Justice; that these Victors,
Who add true Honours to the Consul's Office,
Wou'd wrong themselves, and but disgrace a Slave.

Æmil. Misfortune does not always wait on Vice;
Nor is Success the constant Guest of Virtue:
Perhaps the Gods more amiably design,
To shew the Hero struggling in the Toils
Of unforeseen, unmerited Distress;
The great Example beams Instruction forth,
And better serves the Purposes of Heav'n:
As such consider'd—thou art still the same,
As when Success had crested thy Renown,
And Valour rested on the Arm of Conquest.

Reg. When Purposes are weigh'd against Events,
Say can we promise Certainty or Truth?
What I am now—the meanest *Roman* knows,
But, what the Gods intend—is theirs alone:
Let us not bar their great opposeless Wills,
By seeming more than they wou'd have us be:
So shall the Chain, that links Propriety,
Remain unbroken, and the Nerve of Hope
But brace Obedience to the Will of Heaven.

First Amb. When this Man's Deeds shall reach
Posterity,

Will they not want a Name to call 'em by?

Sec. Amb. And for the Peace that *Carthage* hopes
to gain;

Such

Such I perceive his Sway, and Influence ;—

'Tis not as *Rome* resolves—but *Regulus*.

Reg. Let us set forward—but without that Train—
Dismiss 'em, good *Æmilius*, or I stir not.

[*Æmilius signs to the Lictors, who go off.*]

Martia! My Wife! retire my Best-belov'd,
And with our Household Gods attend my coming :
Thou know'st (and always hast approv'd it too)
That my first Duty waits upon my Country :

The Lover's Ardor, the fond Parent's Care,
The Husband's fond Endearments strongly move ;
But when the Welfare of our Country calls,
These Passions set—and the great Patriot shines. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E VIII.

C O R V U S, M U T I U S, S C A U R U S.

Cor. Now, *Mutius*, we must work with both our
Hands,

And fashion Business to suppos'd Events :
Say that this stern, this Virtue-clouded Man,
Repugnant to the Hopes of suing *Carthage*,
Declares against a Peace—what must be done?—
Say too, that, mindless of the Oath impos'd,
He shou'd determine to continue here ;
And not return to *Carthage*?—Where are then
Our full-blown Hopes, our ripen'd Expectations?
How must we act?—If we are Friends to *Carthage*,
We must approve it by some bold Attempt,
Some noble Deed, where Danger wins Success :—
To be secure, we must be bloody, *Mutius*—
He must not live—at all Events—he must not :
If he returns to *Carthage*—then indeed
He will be well dispos'd of—if he stays—
(The Supposition shakes me)—no, 'tis fix'd
If he succeeds for *Carthage*—still he dies—
Rome cannot hold us both—*Mutius*, be near me—
I must be now indebted to thy Aid
Good *Scaurus* :

Scaur.

Scaur. I am wholly thine.

Cor. I know it:

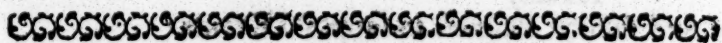
Repair thou to his House and wait my Orders :
Thou art our chief, our Master-Instrument ;——
We can but shake the Oak——'tis thou must fell him ;
The Means are in thy Hands——

Scaur. Command my utmost.

Cor. I thank thee, *Scaurus*—— we must watch him
close :

We shou'd not always wait the Throws of Nature :
We must be cruel sometimes to be kind,
And rip out Safety from the Womb of Time :
Propitious Fortune ! aid this grand Event ;
Lend thy Assistance ——to this Birth be kind,
And thou, with me, shalt never more be blind.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

CORVUS, MUTIUS.

CORVUS.

STILL this tumultuous Noise ! this Burst of Joy,
Rending the Skies ?—O Breath of publick Praise !
Short-liv'd and vain ! Oft gain'd without Desert,
As often lost unmerited : Composed
But of Extreame ;——thou first begin'st with Love
Enthusiastick, Madness of Affection : Then,
(Bounding o'er Moderation, and o'er Reason)
Thou turn'st to Hate as causeless, and as fierce.

Did'st

Did'st thou behold the Patriot-Cheat proceed,
 Cheek-flush'd with all the Insolence of Virtue?—
 Virtue?—Pride light up into Zeal—a specious Shew,
 At once himself deceiving—and Mankind:—
 And in his Way, when he beheld the Temple
 Sacred to Liberty, he cry'd aloud—
 “ Here let us sacrifice, my noble Friends,
 “ To this best Blessing that adorns our *Rome* :
 “ To Liberty, that makes our Name rever'd ;
 “ To sacred Liberty—the Gift of Gods—
 “ To Liberty—their Gift and their Enjoyment ;
 “ Which did they want — they cou'd not be im-
 mortal.

He Spoke—and with what Violence of Joy,
 Did the base Crowd applaud !—Their fever'd Shout
 Was Liberty and *Regulus*—I cou'd not bear it—
 But breaking thro' the Throng, came here to vent
 The Spleen and Indignation of my Soul.

Mut. Will you not to the Senate ?

Cor. Mutius, I must ;

My Safety urges:—did'st thou not observe
 With what a deep Distrust his Eye revil'd me ;
 And when my Salutations reach'd his Ear,
 What Distance dwelt upon his haughty Brow ;
 Such a contemptuous Length, an Innocence,
 'Twixt Guilt and her, still insolently keeps :—
 Perhaps our Practices have been betray'd ;—
 But how?—by whom ? — No — certain *Carthage*
 wou'd not :

I must be there—Absence wou'd give Advantage :—
 It is the Master-piece of Villany
 To smoothe the Brow, and to out-face Suspicion :
 Again these Shouts ? — they warn us to be gone.

S C E N E II.

The SENATE.

Man. To *Jove* the Stayer, and the guardian Gods,
 Protectors of the *Roman* Liberty,

C

E

Be paid the Homage of this grateful Senate.

Fathers Conscript! why are we thus assembled,
Each *Roman* knows, and knows I hope with Joy.

Cor. Yours is the Task, most venerable Fathers!
To lift the fallen, and protect the weak;
To make the proud Oppressor feel Oppression,
To teach Humanity, and free Mankind:
'Tis yours to seek for Merit thro' the World,
To cherish Virtue, and to punish Guilt.

This Day a *Roman*, long rever'd at home,
Returns to *Rome*, again to join our Counsels:
Let us receive him as his Worth deserves,
And as the Gratitude of *Rome* shou'd speak.

S C E N E III.

*The SENATE, REGULUS, CARTHAGINIAN
AMBASSADORS.*

Man E'er we can listen to the Voice of *Carthage*,
The Senate's Greeting must be first declar'd:

Cou'd Words, O *Regulus*, express the Joy,
The Fullness of our Hearts at thy Return;
This welcome Office had not then been mine;
Then, every Grace that marks the Orator,
The Force of Rhetorick, the Flow'rs of Speech,
That *Athens* practis'd, or *Minerva* taught,
Had all been summon'd to perform the Task,
And all been baffled in the weak Attempt.

Since Oratory fails, let Truth be heard,
And for its honest Plainness find Respect:

Come then, *Rome's Regulus*, and to the Senate
(That has with unfeign'd Sorrow mourn'd thy Absence)

Give thy accusom'd Prefence; mount the Seat,
Long vacant—and much longer wou'd remain so,
If only equal Merit were to grace it:

Come to the Senate's, to the People's Aid,
And be once more the Pillar of thy Country.

Reg.

Reg. Most great, august, and venerable Fathers !
 Whose awful Virtues strike the World with Wonder ;
 I stand not here Patrician—but a Slave,
 These my deputed Masters—Whose Commands
 Over this Body bear undoubted Sway—
 (My Mind tho' still unfetter'd) if ———

First Amb. Great *Regulus* !

With Wonder, and with Joy we view thee here ;
 Well pleas'd at thy Return to all thy Honours :
 We do intreat——

Reg. I know my Duty better
 Than to be twice commanded—I obey :

[*Takes his Seat.*

Attil. Say, what wou'd *Carthage* now ? The Se-
 nate's Ear

Is bent to her Address.

First Amb. To *Rome*, grave Fathers !
 She speaks in Voice less terrible and bold,
 Than when she wore Defiance on her Brow,
 And frown'd Destruction on the *Roman* Land :
 Too long, she says, has greedy Ravage fed
 Upon the Vitals both of *Rome* and *Carthage* ;
 Too much of Blood has dy'd each other's Fields ;
 Too often groan'd beneath our Hills of Slain :
 Ev'n to great *Neptune's* Empire have we stray'd,
 And held Contention on his Element ;
 How often has he seen our Fleets engage ;
 Now on a Mountain-furge disputing Conquest ;
 Now grappling close, where the divided Waves,
 Had form'd a Valley through the storm-plough'd Sea ?—

Here let the doubtful Tug for Glory end ;
 Divide we here the well-disputed Wreath.

Man. Long has your *Carthage* been renown'd for
 Fraud,

The specious seeming, and the deep-hid Guile ;
 Sincerity is not the Growth of *Africk*,
 Too hot the Climate for so mild a Fruit :
 And therefore deem we not the offer'd Peace,
 As the Result of soft Humanity ;

The Joy that from another's Good should flow,
The Horror to see human-kind laid Waste :
Necessity, in spite of the Disguise,
Stares out behind, and shews her naked Head,

Reg. Tho' *Carthage* claims my Body, Conscript Fathers!
My greater, nobler Part—is *Roman* still ;
My Mind, my Inclinations, and my Hopes,
Up-born by Liberty, are still with you—
Then, with a *Roman* Freedom let me speak :

Cor. 'Tis as I fear'd—Curse on his rigid Virtue!
[*Apart.*

Reg. Fathers! If my Persuasion be of Force,
Reject all Terms with *Carthage* : 'Tis unjust
To sink the Spirit of your warlike Legions,
In the calm Stillness of ignoble Peace :
Check not that Ardor which no Foes can curb,
And which in Time must make the World your own :
I know the Hardships of a lengthen'd War ;
What Treasure it must cost—what Streams of Blood ;
What vast Expences—what unnumber'd Toils,
Equipping Fleets, and mustering Armies ask :
But Perseverance is a *Roman* Virtue,
That wins each Godlike Act, and plucks Success
Ev'n from the Spear-proof Crest of rugged Danger.

First Amb. Where will this end ?

Sec. Amb. Not where our Wishes point.

Reg. Tho' you are weaken'd, look on *Carthage* weaker.
These Eyes can witness how infirm she is,
And how dispirited : She sues for Peace,
Because unable to continue War :—
Ev'n in her firmest Brace of Fortitude,
What cou'd her Arms against the *Roman* Pow'r ?
You have been vanquish'd once—and then—O Shame!
My Rashness gave 'em—what they cou'd not win :
But brave *Metellus* has retriev'd that Loss,
And more than doubly recompens'd my Failure :
Throw *Lilybæum*, *Drepanum* aside—
All *Sicily* is yours—Your Friends are firm ;
Theirs doubtful—veering with the Wind of Interest,
Which

Which blows not now from any Port in *Africk* :
Your Armies are compacted of one People,
Join'd by the double Tye of Friend and Country,
Theirs, Mercenaries only, who are paid
For Every Blow they strike :—Consider too,
Each Day, some brave Ally falls from their Side,
Thinking with Horror, how the base Republick
Repaid *Xantippus*, who preserv'd their State.

Fathers, a Peace with *Carthage* carries Shame ;
Nor lives the Thought in any Breast, I hope,
To wrong the Firmness of a *Roman* Mind,
That owns no Passion—but its Country's Glory.

Cor. Did not the Force of Praise break thro' my
Wonder,

I had continu'd in this statu'd Senate,
Wrap'd up, like them, in silent Admiration,
But such disinterested Virtue claims
As well our Acclamations as our Wonder,

Yet when we weigh th' Importance of a Peace,
Against th' Extremities of doubtful War ;
The long-expected Rest your Legions ask,
Against the Turmoils of fatiguing Marches ;
A certain Safety, 'gainst a certain Danger ———
Perhaps the Scale may then incline to Peace :
Carthage is weak, drove to Extremities ———
But then consider how the Desperate fight ;—
Despair strikes wild—but often fatal too—
And in the mad Encounter wins Success :

I do not plead for Peace,—I but remonstrate
The State of each—and then remind you too—
We can but fight—th' Event is with the Gods.

Reg. I do not know the Features of the Man
Who last address'd you, venerable Fathers ;
That he was born at *Rome*, and is Patrician,
I had not doubted but that here he stood,
Charg'd with th' Affairs of *Carthage* ; that his Speech
Had been debated in the *Punic* Senate,
And as a faithful Servant of their State,
Deliver'd here by him :—for cou'd a *Roman* :

At *Rome*, and in the *Roman* Senate, Fathers,
So far belye the Glory of his Country,
To think of Peace, and with a weaken'd Foe?

But, in my former Speech, perhaps I wrong'd
The State of *Carthage*; and she yet has Gold,
Whose Influence in our Councils more prevails,
Then by the Pay of mercenary Troops.

Cor. Dost thou impeach the Senate's Honesty?
And madly say—

Reg. Hear first what I wou'd say:
Not the whole Senate—nor the larger Part;——
But some who fit here may have felt that Influence,
And you can, possibly, best point 'em out:

Cor. Perfidious *Carthage*! —— *Mutius*, we're be-
tray'd——

Reg. How is *Rome* fallen! Can we forget, my
Fathers,

When polish'd *Cyneas* stretch'd the loaded Hand,
And the bribe sparkled in the Matron's Eye;——
With what Contempt they view'd the Gift and him—
The vile Seducer—— That was *Roman* Virtue.——

Ye gilded Slaves of Avarice and Pow'r,
Who hug, ev'n Bondage, in the Shape of Gold!
Look backwards to *Dentatus*' great Example,
Whose best Ambition was to serve his Country;
From *Pyrrhus*' Breast what Honours did he tear!
His Armies routed, and himself expell'd,
Driv'n like an Out-cast from *Italian* Land:
And when the Senate, for his glorious Deeds,
Thinking his Triumph (tho' by far more grand
Than e'er reach'd *Rome* on Wings of Acclamation),
Too poor to speak their Gratitude, decreed,
That tho' no *Roman* cou'd possess in Land
Above seven Acres—he shou'd be excepted,
And up to fifty swell'd the lavish Grant:
Did he accept the Offer of the Senate?——
Did he not tell 'em—that with Justice *Rome*
Might with a jealous Eye behold that Man,
Who aim'd at more Possessions than the rest,

And

And stood the foremost in Distinction's Rank?—

If any in this Senate grasp at Riches,
Blush, and be humble from his great Example.

Cor. Had I been conscious of th' imputed Guilt;
Or in the constant Progress of my Life,
Cou'd recollect one Act—or ev'n one Thought
That was not started for the publick Good:
Unjustify'd, I shou'd, with down-cast Eyes,
In silent Shame have hid my guilty Head:
But, thus erected, I confront the Falshood,
And, safe in Innocence, demand a Proof.

Reg. The Proof may come—be ready with your
Answer:—

Other Affairs are now before the Senate.

First Amb. If not to Peace—for *Carthage* scorns
to beg,

Nor feels that dire Necessity you speak;
At least to Pity bend the *Roman* Ear:
The tender Call of Kindred and of Friends,
To taste the Pleasure of a dear Embrace,
And hear what Wonders they have seen of *Rome*:

If Peace dislikes you—we demand not Peace:
But let the Longings of so many *Romans*,
Who hope to see their Wives, their Children, Friends,
Plead for their just Release—Exchange we then;
And let the Sons of *Carthage* and of *Rome*
Taste the dear Fragrance of their native Fields.

Reg. Till I am certain that a private Good
Out-weighs an honest Benefit to all,
I must oppose the last Demand of *Carthage*:—
Our Country's Welfare is our first Concern,
And who promotes that best—best proves his Duty:
For Reasons manifold, the publick Welfare
Now pleads with me;—and first, the Number, Fathers,
Of *Carthaginians* that wear Chains in *Rome*,
Trebles th' Account of *Romans* now at *Carthage*:
Some of their best Commanders have we here;
The rest, the very Pride—the Flow'r of *Africk*,
Warm in their Mid-day Blood, active and strong:

Ours have already offer'd to their Country
The Noon-Tyde Stream, and now their Ev'ning
Drop,

Scarce keeps 'em warm in *Africk's* Sun-parch'd
Clime.

Fathers, debate no longer—send us hence ;
And with Defiance charge these peaceful Heralds :
Collect your Legions, and let *Carthage* feel
The just Rewards of Cruelty and Insult.

Man. What can the Senate answer to thy Worth,
All Patriot as thou art ? —Thy steady View
But thro' one glorious Optick lets in Light ;
Greatly rejecting all the lesser Ends

That point to Fortune, Friends, and Family :

Yet Iron-hearted Justice must, I think,
(Much more Humanity) at length confess
Thou hast out-gone the Precept, and the Teacher
Ne'er meant the rigid Lesson so severe
As thou hast in Performance made it—'tis too much—
Nor must we lose thy Virtue ; thy Example
Must teach our wond'ring Youth—

Reg. To do their Duty.

By such an Act of Honesty as this is :
I thank the Gods that they have honour'd me
To bear their great Commission ; to illustrate
A Deed resembling their Divinities,
Where the first Virtue constitutes the Whole ;

Fathers, regard me not—Alas ! why shou'd you ?
Think me not worth Exchange ; I am, my Fathers,
Infirm with Age, and hast'ning to the Place
Where Death unites us to Eternity ;
My Spirits, sunk with Bondage and Oppression,
No more can fill me out to Acts of Glory.

Let none object the tender Calls of Wife,
Of Children, Kindred, and intreating Friends ;
A *Roman* has no Property that weighs
Against the Good, the Glory of his Country.

I do beseech the Senate to concur
With my most just Request—my virtuous Pray'r !

Atil.

R E G U L U S.

41

Atil. Reg. When *Marcus Regulus* is in the Senate,
No kindred Voice need plead for Liberty :
Our honour'd House—nobly upheld by him,
No longer stands, but as he props his Country ;
Yet thus far let a Kinsman dare to boast,
To have at least so much of *Regulus*,
To be the first to follow his Resolves.

Reg. Thou art much more than Kinsman—thou
art *Roman*.

Man. To *Carthage* then ; — tell her that *Rome*
rejects

All Terms of Peace, and all Exchange of Prisoners :
We dare her bloodiest Battle, and we scorn
Her Arts, her Baseness, and her Cruelties :
We shall return this Message—but in Blood,
In War deep-dy'd, and hostile Desolation,
When we approach her Country : *Regulus*
Is his own Arbiter ; and what he judges
Most proper to be done—is so to us ;
Let him return, or stay, as he thinks fit.

I hope I speak the Judgment of the Senate.

[*They all rise as assenting.*]

Reg. Thanks to the Gods!—and to your just
Resolves.

Man. *Join* the *Feretrian*, guard the *Roman* State!
And grant that such Examples still may rise,
To make *Rome* blest, and all her Nations happy !
The Senate is dissolv'd : —

[*The Scene closes.*]

Sec. Amb. Most wonderful!

Can we believe what we have seen this Day ?

First Amb. 'Tis great indeed—look what a Brow
he wears ;

How calm and how serene!—have you determin'd?
And will you back with us ? —

Reg. Fear not my Conduct :

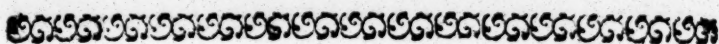
Doubt not but *Regulus* will act with Honour : —

Honour is by the World but ill defin'd,
The plighted Oath, or the contracting Word,

Strictly

Strictly maintain'd :—No, 'tis an heav'nly Light,
 Impregnating the Soul—secret it acts,
 Unconscious of all Motives but its own ;
 Equal to Gods and Men, it forms its Laws,
 And bears but one Effect—from one unalter'd Cause.

The End of the Third Act.



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

CORVUS, MUTIUS.

CORVUS.

CURSE on his steady Pride ! his *Stoic* Zeal,
 That heats the Patriot Brain to virtuous
 Madness ;

While every Impulse Nature's Instinct urges,
 Is treated as a distant, spurious Passion,
 Foreign to Man—who will himself amend
 The great Creator's Work, and tell the Gods,
 They sent it here imperfect—Furies seize him !—

But to our own Concern—for now we stand
 Upon a Column, whose Time-eaten Base
 Hardly supports its burthen'd Capital,
 That tott'ring overhangs and nods to Ruin.

Mut. 'Tis said, th' Ambassadors will freight
 return,

And with them *Regulus* ; who has requested
 But two short Hours to take a last Farewel
 Of his dear Wife, his Children, and his Friends ;
 To settle all Concerns on this Side Life—
 Then turn from *Rome*, and from the World together.

Cor.

Cor. Therefore, I tell thee, I must change my Part :

War must be now my Cry—devoted *Regulus*
Must be the Subject of each Breath of Praise;
Higher than all Example must we raise him,
And rob the Gods of Attributes to grace him :—

But my first Care is to apprise *Himilco*
Of what is done, and what I yet intend :
To send by the Ambassadors is slow,
It speaks not Warmth and Earnestness enough ;
It should take Flight upon a Tempest's Wings,
And reach the Gates of *Carthage* in an Hour :—
Therefore, good *Mutius*, thy known Diligence,
Will even to Expedition be a Spur,
And whip her to the Goal—Be thine this Care—
Fortune and Honours shall repay your Toil :—
Quintus, my faithful Slave shall wait upon you,
Ready for all Employment—see ; he's here ;

S C E N E II.

CORVUS, MUTIUS, QUINTUS.

Thy Eye speaks Haste :—What Tidings bring'st thou, *Quintus* ?

Quint. Such as must give Surprize to every *Roman*—
The Wife of *Regulus* has mov'd the Senate
With Tears of virtuous Sorrow ; at her Instance,
They have a solemn Deputation sent ;
Imploring him to stay in Terms so powerful,
That they have bent the Firmness of his Nature :—
And now, 'tis said, he will continue here.

Cor. By Hell 'tis false :—Say, *Mutius*, can it be ?—
Gods, what a complicated Scene of Doubts
This Day has been to me !—It cannot be.

Quint. Nay more, the *Pontifex*, to crown the whole,
Strengthens the Senate's Pray'r, and has declar'd
Him free to stay ; and that he neither breaks

His Faith to Heav'n, nor Honour to Mankind,
 If he refuses to return to *Carthage* :
 See where he holds him earnest in Discourse—
 This Way they move too——

Cor. Ha! I fear him now :—
 Gods! what is all Appearance?—what the Truth
 Of seeming Honesty and Patriot-Zeal,
 When one short Hour can change the gaudy Scene,
 Presenting the Reverse?——We must be speedy,
 Friends :

If he resolves to stay, he shall not long—
 Death can remove him—I'll about the Means——
Quint. See, now they part—and *Regulus* appears
 Eas'd of the Burthen of conflicting Doubt,
 And satisfy'd at full.

Cor. What Crowd is that
 Ent'ring the Gate, that send their Shouts before 'em?
Quint. I cannot guess.

Cor. It is no Matter :—*Mutius*,
 Do thou the necessary Means prepare
 Of thy Departure hence—be speedy, *Mutius* ;
 E'er on the Dial's Plate, the posting Sun
 Has measur'd half the Hour, repair to me,
 And all Things shall be ready :—At the Gate,
 That looks toward *Carthage*, will I wait thy coming--
 Fail me not, *Mutius*.

Mut. I am gone.

S C E N E III.

Quint. Good Gods!
 How far I had sail'd into Guilt, before
 I thought I had left the Shore of Innocence!
 O wou'd the Gale of Penitence arise
 And drive me back to Safety—I were happy!
 Try, *Quintus*, what thou can'st—so good a Master!
 That made his Slaves almost his Children! —ha, he
 comes—

I cannot stay—the Sight of injur'd Virtue

Strikes

Strikes deeper than a Poignard to the Guilty :
To him I cannot speak——I may to *Decius*——
I'll find him out and ease my tortur'd Mind.

S C E N E IV.

R E G U L U S, *Attendants.*

Reg. O no! it cannot be: ——What, stay with Honour?

Avowing Perjury, to stay with Honour?
If Oaths be disregarded——Come Confusion;
Come wild Disorder, leading, by the Hand,
The Harlot Vice, disfeatur'd of Humanity,
And every social Grace——Hot Violation,
With harpy-talon'd Rapine, close the Scene,
Razing all Virtue from the human Heart: ——
I must return to *Carthage*: ——Who comes yonder?

Servant. The great *Metellus*, Sir, our fam'd Pro-
Consul,

Attended by a Crowd of shouting *Romans*,
Just en'tring *Rome*.

Reg. 'Tis he by all my Hopes: ——
It is a timely Meeting; ——for I find
My Spirits faint——As if some unseen Pow'r
Had mingled Water with the Stream of Health,
And lower'd the rich Juice: ——But see, he comes.

S C E N E V.

R E G U L U S, M E T E L L U S, &c.

Reg. O great *Metellus*! welcome to my Arms!
Thou Scourge of *Africk*, and thou Pride of *Rome*:
I thank thee for my Country, for myself,
Her's, and my great Avenger——O methinks!
I see thee fighting in *Sicilian* Fields,
With Valour and Discretion on each Side;
↓ I see the routed *Carthaginians* fly——

I see

I see them plunge into the foaming Deep —
 (A milder Fate than to encounter thee)
 While Fear-wing'd *Asdrubal* forsakes the Field,
 And hardly reaches *Lilybæum's* Walls:
 I swear the bare Imagination fires me;
 Ev'n Age, long frozen, feels this second Youth,
 And melts before its artificial Heat.

Met Whatever Benefit our *Rome* has reap'd
 From that well-meant, that fortunate Exploit,
 Is doubly grateful, as it was the Means
 Of seeing *Regulus* again at *Rome* :
 So much, so long I panted for thy Presence ; —
 Believe me, in the Heat of martial Ardor,
 (Had not the Senate's Orders check'd my Purpose)
 I had embark'd my Legions — march'd them on,
 And paid my Greeting in the Streets of *Carthage*.

Reg. I thank thy generous Love: — A fitter Juncture
 I hope will find thee thund'ring at her Gates :
 Mean time, I can but wish thee to proceed ;
 Do to thy Country yet more Acts of Service,
 Greater thou can't not.

Met. You o'er-rate me much,
 Unmindful of your own heroick Deeds,
 My great Example: — Thou hast sure forgot —
 Recal thy naval Victory to mind,
 When *Hanno* fought, and when *Hamilcar* fled ;
Heraclea, scarce recover'd from the Fright,
 Still stands a Witness of the God-like Action : —
 Then change the Scene to *Africk*, and remember
 With what Rapidity you march'd along
 From Place to Place : — Fame flew before your
 Arms,
 And only founded *Regulus* — to conquer :
 An hundred Cities own'd the *Roman* sway —
 Ev'n *Carthage* —

Reg. Stop thee there, *Metellus* :
 O spare my Shame, the deep Reproach of *Regulus* :
 And yet repeat it — Every Son of *Rome*,
 Shou'd bear the Memory of that about him,

As the best Caution against headlong Rashness :
 What Glory might I not have gain'd my Country ?—
 What did I lose her in one shameful Day ?

Met. You pass too hard a Censure on yourself :
 The Gods determine Victory, not we :
 Our *Rome*, unlike to *Carthage*, better knows
 Th' Uncertainty of Fortune, than to think,
 That we should share the Counsel of that Pow'r
 Who fastens the Event to every Cause :
 Short-sighted Man scarce farther sees before him,
 Than the blind Mole, Tenant of Earth's dark
 Womb,

Who scorns the Beam of Light—he can't enjoy.

Reg. And yet this Man, short-sighted as he is,
 Will, in Presumption's Prospect, plume his Hopes,—
 (Unconscious of the Weakness of his Being)
 And wing his daring Flight at heav'nly Knowledge ;
 Will arrogate Perfection to himself,
 And strip the Shrines of Worship to adorn him.

Met. This Subject better will employ our Leisure ;
 The present Moments are of more Importance :
 As I was posting hitherward to *Rome*,
 I heard of thy Arrival, and Resolve
 Again to leave us to return to *Carthage* :
 But wherefore wilt thou go ? — Thy Country holds
 thee ;

Do not with Force irreverent break away !—
 Thy Country calls thee—O regard her Voice !—
 Look on thy common Parent, whose white Age
 Demands thy filial Care to help her Weakness—
 Support her—save her from th' impending Ruin.

Reg. Alas, *Metellus* ! ——— 'tis thy Friendship's
 Warmth.

And not thy Reason that wou'd keep me here :
 Look on me shatter'd—can I help my Country ?—
 Sinking myself, am I a Prop for her ?—
 Wou'd not the trusted Weight, in crushing me,
 Precipitate her Fall ?—Thou art *Metellus*,
 Her great Restorer ;—thy reviving Hand,

Infusing

Infusing the rich Cordial, lifts her up,
And makes her stand alone with youthful Vigour.

Go on, *Metellus* ! lead her to the Field,
Warm her with Action—place her on some Mountain,

From whose fair Brow she may behold her Sons
Struggling for Conquest—Let her see thee there,
Her youngest, her best lov'd ;—ev'n in the Heat,
The Madness of the Fight—yet cool as Counsel
With all the Warmth of Glory at thy Heart.—
One Legion, hardly press'd, regains Advantage
By Succours timely sent by thee—Another,
Upon the Point of flying, wheels about,
And rallies at the General's, not the Trumpet's
Voice ;

Then quick thine Eye pierces far distant, and beholds
Where other Dangers call—nor call they long :
See, reforc'd they press upon the Foe,
And in their Turn compel 'em into Flight :
All their Necessities, like those of Nature,
Are scarcely felt before reliev'd ;—and though thy
Person

At the same time can only fill one Space—
Thy Care—like that of Heav'n, is universal.
Let her see this, and bless thy happy Birth.

Met. No more, my Friend ; thou speak'st against
thyself ;

Thou, who can'st plan so great a Draught of Glory ;
So many speaking Images of Fame—
Can'st yet perform thy Part :—Nor is thy Arm,
Thy Execution, what we chiefly want ;
(Tho' great *Camillus* shew'd what Age cou'd do,
Ev'n in Confusion, and in flying Rout.)

By nobler Services Success is woo'd
By cool Deliberations, well-weigh'd Thoughts,
Prevented Accidents, foreseen Advantage,
Judgment correct, that only waits upon
Gray-hair'd Experience, and slow-teaching Time :—
Possess'd of these, *Rome* still demands thy Care,

Still

Still wants her *Regulus* — still claims his Counsel.

Reg. It cannot be — — — — — Persuasion has no Breath
To alter my Resolves; — — — — — urge it no more:
Death might as soon be mov'd to give again
The Child to Life whom the fond Parent weeps for:
Therefore no more — let us address the Gods,
With *Roman* Piety, and *Roman* Firmness;
Be it our Wish to make ten thousand happy —
One is too poor a Care for noble Minds.

Go on, *Metellus* — leave me to my Fate —
Conquer for *Rome* — thou'rt follow'd to the Field
By shouting Millions, born the Sons of Conquest;
Sprung from those God-like Men, whom ev'n when
dead

The mighty *Pyrrhus*' self beheld with Fear:
He saw their Wounds all honest — all before;
The Hand in Death still clutch'd the faithful Sword,
And in the Face, Pain stagnated to Terror.

Met. But why this strict Adherence to thy Honour
With *Carthage*, noted for her Breach of Faith
In private Friendships, and in publick Leagues,
The Proverb's Mark and Brand of Perfidy?
Is it a Merit to destroy ourselves,
And compliment our Foes with Foreign Virtues?
(Virtues they never heard of — or ne'er practis'd)
War is allow'd Deceit, its honest Guile,
And meritorious Falshood — — — shall an Oath
An Oath extorted — — —

Reg. No, 'twas not extorted:
It was a Compact betwixt me and *Carthage*:
And mention not her Perfidy, *Metellus*,
With the most savage Foes maintain your Faith.

Met. Still more I wonder.

Reg. Wherefore, good *Metellus*?
Shall I do more than *Rome* has seen before?
When I look backwards, what Examples rise!
Did not *Posthumius*, not an Age ago,
To break the *Caudine* Treaty, dedicate
Himself and Colleague to the *Samnite* Foe,

D

When

When *Roman* Glory panted for Revenge?
 Shall *Rome* degenerate? — and have our Fathers,
 Done Deeds beyond the Spirit of their Sons!
 O 'tis a People's deepest Infamy,
 Poorly to boast the Virtues of their Sires;
 As if their Worth descended with their Lands,
 And Fame and Glory were Inheritance,

Met. Alas! I pity thee;

Reg. And wherefore pity me?

The Man who rises above Pain and Death,
 Laughs at the soft Reproach of Pity's Tear.
 Ha! *Decius* — why this Haste? — what are thy Ty-
 dings? —

S C E N E VI.

R E G U L U S, M E T E L L U S, D E C I U S.

Met. How great! how excellent must Virtue be?
 If it can make us act like *Regulus*?

Reg. *Decius*, I go with thee.

Met. I see the Time

Presses upon thee, and 'tis Interruption
 Not to be answer'd — to detain thee longer: —
 Farewel at once — heroic *Regulus*!

Reg. *Metellus*, fare-thee-well; I make no Doubt
 When that far distant Time that calls thee hence;
 To put on Immortality, is nigh; —
 Like mine, thy last of Pray'rs — will be for *Rome*; —
 The Gods protect thee.

S C E N E VII.

Met. Pride of *Rome*, farewell!
 Thou art above my Praise — take all my Wonder:
 If Honesty of Heart; if Truth unstain'd;
 The strictest Honour, and the justest Sense,
 Can, thro' revolving Years, perpetuate Fame,
 The last of Ages shall revere thy Name.

S C E N E

REGULUS.

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SCENE VIII.

Cor. Why comes not this slow *Mutius*? — how
the Time

Loiters in Expectation! — then the Mind
Drags the dead Burthen of an hundred Years
In one short Moment's Space — the nimble Heart
Beats with impatient Throbs — sick of Delay,
And pants to be at Ease: — 'tis well thou'rt come —

SCENE IX.

CORVUS, MUTIUS.

Cor. I was accusing thee — say, art thou ready?
Is all prepar'd? — *Quintus*? — say where is he? —
Why comes he not?

Mut. I thought to have found him here:
He cannot be long absent; — sure the Time
Is scarce expir'd — thou run'st before the Sun —
Are your Dispatches ready? —

Cor. Here they are: —

If *Regulus* inclines to stay at *Rome*,
He shall not live a Day: — *Scaurus*, my Agent,
Whose Care prepares their Baths, has undertaken
To give a good Account of him and *Decius*:
Of this I have appriz'd *Himilco* — mark, good
Mutius: — —

Inclos'd in this lies the concerted Plan
Betwixt myself and Colleague, if the Consulship
Falls to our Wishes; underneath, the Names
Of those gain'd over lately to our Party,
Whose combin'd Interest makes our Purpose look
With Eyes of Certainty: The Letter's Tenour
Asks the Remittance of some certain Sums,
Which Speed must see performed: with an Intreaty
To let thy Care convey them: — for your selfish Men
Deal not for Promises — they will have Earnest;

D 2

And

And Gold is the grand Cement : take 'em, *Mutius*,
Bestow 'em safe——

S C E N E X.

CORVUS, MUTIUS, DECIUS, QUINTUS, *Guards*.

Dec. [*Seizing the Packet.*] Not till the Senate sees
them :

Secure him, *Romans*—— [*Seize Mutius.*

Cor. Ha! Damnation! —— *Decius* ——

Long have I wish'd thee dead——now to compleat it.
[*Runs at Decius.*

Dec. Most impious Villain! [*Disarms Corvus.*

Cor. Curse upon my Weakness!

He come to triumph too?

S C E N E XI.

R E G U L U S. C O R V U S, D E C I U S, M U T I U S,
Q U I N T U S, &c.

Dec. *Romans*, rejoice--Treason is brought to Light:--
Hail, God-like *Regulus*! receive these Papers,
And, if thou can'st, peruse the black Contents.

Cor. Ruin and Death!——but why do I complain?
Fear is unmanly, and 'tis vain to hope;——
I will despair——'tis equal, come what may——
Success were glorious——the Attempt was noble.

Reg. If any Guilt can equal thy Design,
'Tis thus to own no Shame at its Detection:
What shall I call thee——there is wanting yet——
(At least in *Rome*) a Name to do thee Justice:
Had'st thou Remorse, thou might'st have look'd about,
To find the Comfort of a Fellow-Crime; ——
But wanting that, thou'rt so supremely wicked,
No Punishment they yet have try'd in Hell,
Can equal thy Desert——they must invent one.——
And yet this Day thou talk'd of Truth and Honour——
Where are they fled?

Cor.

Cor. To thy romantick Brain;
Where the feign'd Names of Virtue and of Fame,
Are wrote on every Table—shadows all!—
Curse on thy moral Precepts!—Every Good
That greets us here, finds Entrance at the Sense:
I tell thee, *Roman*, all your fine Distinctions
That call this Man divine, and that a Villain,
Are but Religion's Cheat—what Sense bestows,
Is all we know, and all we can receive.

Reg. What ceaseless Labour must this Man have
taken

To reach his Height of Guilt?—Elaborate Villain?—
Each Time thou act'st, and every Time thou speak'st,
The more I find thee a Disgrace to Nature:
Wou'dst thou destroy the Dignity of Man,
And level him with Brutes?—depose fair Reason,
And substitute wild, warring Appetites,
Disgracing her mild Sway?—But thou dost best—
The Man who dares to act as thou hast done,
Is in the right to banish his Reflection—
Thinking wou'd make him mad.

Cor. What, not yet done?
Am I bound up here to be Sentence-baited?
To hear thee preach by Rule, and by the Hour?
Why stay we here?—hop'st thou to gain a Convert?—
Prithee be gone—thou wilt but lose thy Labour.

Reg. I do believe thee—*Decius*, bear these Papers,
Together with those Wretches, to the Senate:

Quintus, do thou attend, and to the Fathers
Relate a full Detail of all their Treasons:
Look on these Men, and thank the gracious Gods,
That thou had'st Honesty enough to leave 'em!
Half enter'd in Perdition's darken'd Cell,
Praise the kind Pow'r that sent a Ray of Light
To shew thee back into the House of Virtue.

Cor. Ha!—*Quintus* my Betrayer?—but no matter—
Why shou'd I vainly hope for Truth from others,
Who never had that Merit in myself?
Had I succeeded in my great Design,

I cou'd have wanton'd in the Pains of Hell;
To fail is Punishment enough for me—
Worse than ten thousand Hells—Perdition seize thee!

S C E N E XII.

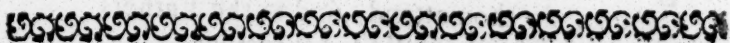
R E G U L U S, D E C I U S.

Reg. Decius, once more commend me to the Senate;
Say, while I liv'd, 'twas my extreamest Pray'r,
To find out Means to raise the *Roman* Glory:
In my last Scene of Life, I thank the Gods!
Their Bounties have thrown out the great Occasion,
To leave my Country with an Act of Service:
Haste, *Decius*—I shall wait for thy Return
With my lov'd *Martia*—haste—the Time is short—

S C E N E XIII.

Reg. Alas! what Monsters find we amongst Men;
If the great End of Being can be lost,
And thus perverted to the worst of Crimes:
Let us shake off deprav'd Humanity,
Exchange Conditions with the savage Brute,
And for his blameless Instinct barter Reason.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

R E G U L U S.

AT length my Course of Duty to my Country
Is fairly run; and (thanks to all the Gods)
I've reach'd the Goal with some Degree of Honour:
Let

Let me then say (I hope without a Boast)
I've done what Heav'n requir'd, and what Man ought.

My next, last Office, is my own Concern:—
My Wife!—my Children!—O ye upright Gods!
Lct me not falter in my noble Purpose:
Lend me your Aid, assist me to sustain
The Weight that presses on my feeble Part;
Let me not feel what Nature is about,
Who, soft'ning every Heart-string to her Purpose,
Wou'd melt me to the Weakness of a Child:—
'Tis the last Struggle—shrink not, *Regulus*,
But prove thy Firmness equal to the End.

SCENE II.

REGULUS, MESSENGER.

Reg. What wou'd thy Message?

Mess. At the City's Gate,
Th' Ambassadors of *Carthage* wait thy Presence.
Reg. I will not long detain 'em—let 'em know so.

SCENE III.

Reg. I must be thrifty of my little Time.

SCENE IV.

REGULUS, DECIUS, CLELIA.

Reg. *Decius*, thou com'st to warn me—from the
Senate

What Message bring'st thou?

Dec. Heart-deliver'd Greetings!
Such as no Love, no Friendship ever breath'd:
The Fervency of Thanks for his Deliverance,
When the wreck'd Sailor finds himself on Land,
Gives but a faint Idea of their Zeal:
Nothing is seen or heard throughout the Senate,

But Tears and Exclamations:—For the Traytors,
Proofs were so plain, that, with a general Voice,
The Rock *Tarpeian* was pronounc'd their Doom—

Reg. I thank their Loves;

They've given me Strength I wanted:—O my Friend!
Long hast thou follow'd with unwearied Steps,
My worst of Fortunes, to their present Close;
(An uncouth Office for the gentle Youth)
Here shall we part, and all I can bestow
Of Happiness, approaches thee in her:
Come nearer, *Clelia*—*Decius*, take her Hand;
Unwealth'd—but not undower'd; accept a Maid,
Whom Virtue will make rich, and Honour great:
I know your mutual Loves, and Heav'n prolong it,
Ev'n to the latest Moment of your Lives.

Dec. On any other but this sad Occasion,
This Gift had been too great for common Joy:—
This was my utmost Wish—yet at the present
'Tis so embitter'd with the losing thee,
The Sweet is scarcely tasted—O my Father!—

Reg. No more, good *Decius*!—let us part like
Men:—

Keep in thy Tears—they are but Nature's Weakness,
And the Confession Pain extorts from us,
When it wou'd prove the Frailty of our Beings:
Leave 'em to Women—there they look with Grace—
Dimming and adding Lustre to the Eye.

Clelia! I have bestow'd thee to thy Wish;
Let not thy Wish be Neighbour to Dislike,
As some have prov'd it: There are of thy Sex,
Who, thro' the Glass of straining Expectation,
Look for the Blessing, e'er Enjoyment comes;
That over—then their Prospect is no more,
But thro' Satiety's sick Eye—

Clelia, be thou as constant in the Race,
As thou was constant who shou'd start with thee:
And so regard your Husband, that you love him,
Not for you shou'd obey him—but obey him,
Because you love him:—Note this in thy Heart.

Cle.

Cle. I hope I shall not profit by my Father
So little, not to prove myself his Daughter :
My Conduct shall be form'd on such a Plan,
That were my Father witness of each Step,
He shou'd not find Occasion to disown me.

Reg. 'Tis well resolv'd : — *Decius*, my Time is short——

And yet another tender Call invites me,
E'er I go hence for ever——yet, my Son,
I will devote a little of that Time,
To leave thee my last Precepts——my last Counsel.

Dec. Impart——and I will wear 'em in my Heart,
Dear as the Memory of him that gave 'em.

Reg. If *Rome* shou'd raise thee to her highest
Service,

(As thou hast Merit to expect her Honours)
Serve her for Love of *Rome*, and not of Interest ;
Let Glory be thy second Motive only,
Thy Country's Love be ever first, and dearest :
In Liberty's Defence, fight constant, single——
Die with her——'tis no Life if you survive her ;
The greatest Glory of a free-born People,
Is to transmit that Freedom to their Children.

Search out for hidden Worth——and then reward it :
The noblest Prospect to a *Roman* Eye,
Is Greatness, lifting Merit up to Fame.

Let Falshood be a Stranger to thy Lips ;
Shame on the Policy that first began
To tamper with the Heart to hide its Thoughts !
And double Shame on that inglorious Tongue,
That sold its Honesty, and told a Lie !

Dec. I hope this Caution is unnecessary :

Reg. I do believe it ; but receive it, *Decius*,
Not as a Precept to amend thy Life :
But one that cannot be too oft remember'd.

Be ready for all Changes in thy Fortune,
Be constant when they happen——but, above all,
Mostly distrust good Fortune's soothing Smile ;
There lurks the Danger, though we least suspect it :

Hunt

Hunt for no Offices ;——accept them offer'd——
 But never to the Wrong of suffering Merit :
 Or thy own Virtue——there may chance a Time,
 When by refusing Honours——you most gain 'em.

Dec. How shall I fill *Rome's* Offices with Justice,
 When thou, my great Instructor, art away ?
 What great Example shall direct my Steps,
 When *Regulus* is silent and no more ?

Reg. *Decius*, thy Virtue is thy best Instructor ;
 She will direct thee right :——but to proceed.

If thy paternal Acres be well till'd,
 Thou hast a Superfluity ; for Gold,
 See it adorn the Temples of the Gods,
 But banish it your Coffers, and your House :
 Let the Vain-glorious, or the Villain hoard it,
 Who loves a Flatterer——or who sells his Country :——
 Be honest Poverty thy boasted Wealth ;
 So shall thy Friendships be sincere, tho' few,
 So shall thy Sleep be sound——thy Waking chearful.

I cou'd say more——but, O excuse me, *Decius*——
 For see where *Martia* comes——her Sorrows speak
 Unaided by the Tongue——more eloquent
 The Look is in Distress——than Speech can be :
 When Sorrow swims in the Tear-flooded Eye,
 Words need not form a Language for the Heart :——
Decius, farewell !——If my Prediction's true,
 While *Rome* has Honours, and neglects thy Service,
 She will do wrong to Merit and herself.

Dec. Farewel, my Father !——O I must retire——
 Lest I shou'd shame thy Manhood with my Weak-
 ness :——

'Tis not, I find, to common Natures given
 To bear Misfortunes like a *Regulus*.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

REGULUS, MARTIA, CLELIA, *two Children.*

Mar. My *Regulus*!—my Love!—

First Child. My Father!

All. Oh!

Reg. Martia, no more Complaint——while yet
I stay;

While yet a few fond moments are indulg'd;
Let it be spent in Triumphs and Rejoicings,——
Not in Condolement and the Voice of Sorrow.

Mar. Is this a Time for Triumph or for Joy?
This a fit Season——

Reg. Martia, none so fit:
When we have spent an honest blameless Life,
True to its first Direction——equal all
From the first starting to the destin'd Goal,——
Say, at the End, is there not Cause for Joy?
I thank the Gods, that I set out with Honour,
With Honour I come in——my Country's Glory
Was the first Wish that parted from my Heart,
And fills up my last Pray'r——Is not this Triumph? —
Martia! my much-lov'd *Martia*! share it with me.

Mar. Thro' the thick Gloom of a long five Years
Absence,
Still have I hear'd me with the Twilight Hope;
Tho' doubtful thy Return——still there was Hope;
Tho' Captive to thy direst Foes—I still held Hope:
Hope was the Anchor that preserv'd my Bark
Thro' the rough Fury of a five Years Storm.——
But parting now with that——ye Surges dash me——
Split my devoted Sides, and sink me ever!

Reg. Despair is Frenzy——Hear me, my best
Martia——

Mar. What——hear you say that we must part for
ever?——

Never again indulge, with equal Fondness,

O'er

O'er these dear Pledges of our mutual Loves?—
 O Thought of Torture!—Call you this Despair!—
 Is this Distraction?—No—or if it be,
 Reason has made it so—your boasted Reason,
 Has only serv'd to make poor *Martia* mad.

Reg. Martia, no more: The Gods are always
 just :——

And tho' we never meet again on Earth ;—
 'Thou know'st there is a Place—a destin'd Place,
 Where Honesty and Virtue shall revive ;
 Where every Sense shall be absorb'd in Thought,
 The Contemplation of our heav'nly Essence ;
 Where the first Mover shall himself instil
 Divine Instruction ;—where uncloy'd we taste
 The Banquet of the Soul, the Feast of Gods ;
 Where no Misfortune enters, where no Care,
 Sends forth no anxious Sigh—but all is Peace,
 Fullness of Pleasure, and eternal Joy.

Mar. And do'st thou only lengthen out my Hope,
 And bid me wait, in Certainty of Pain,
 For a far-distant Ease?—Oh! be more kind—
 More just, and let me share Misfortunes with thee :—
 I will not meanly wait the Course of Nature—
 I will shake off this Load—this Life, that holds me
 From thy lov'd Fellowship—In Death I'll join thee,
 Partner in that as well as Life—

Reg. O Martia!

An heavy Sorrow weighs thy Senses down ;
 Thou hast forgot—an hundred Offices,
 Which only Time can fill up, claim Attendance ;
 Behold these little Images of *Martia*,
 Infected with thy Grief—when I am gone,
 Who shall take care to form their ductile Minds,
 (Unprincip'd as yet in Virtue's School)
 To shew them Honour's Path—to turn their Steps
 From Vice's Flow'r-strew'd Way?—Say, whose
 Example,
 Bettering all Precept, still shall shine before them,
 The fairest Call to Good—but living *Martia's*?
 Remembering

Remembring this great Duty—can'st thou die?

Mar. O my lov'd *Regulus*!—what shall I say?
I can with Pleasure die—to live without thee,
Is too severe a Task:—and yet my Children—

Reg. Let them determine thee to treasure Life:
Think of their many Wants, and that no Hand
Can minister Relief so well as thine:—

And, for thy *Regulus*, still think him here;—
I shall be found in every pleasing Prospect:
In the chaste Matron's Look, and Virgin's Smile,
Thou shalt behold thy *Regulus*—each Act,
That future Virtues may adorn our *Rome* with,
Shall be a dear Remembrance of my Life:—
Nor think thyself a Widow—be my Fame
Thy second Husband: Or if thou inclin'st
To grace some noble *Roman* with thy Person,
I leave thee Dowry for the best of Men—
Unspotted Truth, and ever-living Honour.

Mar. And shall the unpolluted Ermine's White
Be soil'd by second Touch? Say shall the Gem,
Set in the burnish'd Bullion of thy Worth,
Be fix'd in base Allay, and vile Demerit.—
No, *Regulus*:

Reg. Thou art the Glory of thy Sex—Farewel!—
Keep up thy Constancy of Mind, my *Martia*!
And let us part with manly Resolution;—
Let not the Woman's Weakness break in upon thee,
Bear it with unblanch'd Cheek, and Eye unstain'd.

Mar. Did'st thou say part? — O where is Reso-
lution? —

Where now the stedfast Purpose of my Soul,
Which, at thy lov'd Command, had arm'd my Heart?
Sunk into Tremblings, into Sighs and Tears;—
I cannot bear the Tryal——O my Husband!—

Reg. *Martia*, remember—*Clelia*, fare-thee-well;
Advice were needless now—Thou seest thy Mother—
There never was a Virtue or a Grace
Which she possess'd not—wear her in thine Eye,
As dearly as the Light that darts upon it:

Thou

Thou need'st not look abroad for an Example—
 Thou hast it there:—Be like her and be happy :
 Farewel, my Children! love your virtuous Mother—
 Ye will not want a Father by her Care;
 Observe her Precepts, follow her Advice,
Rome will be proud to own ye.

Both Children. O my Father!—

Reg. Now my best *Martia*, take thy last Embrace;—
 Nay, this untimely Tenderness unmans me—
 Be more yourself—and hear me say, Farewel :
 I leave thee with this Truth—I have not Words
 To speak thy Worth, nor to describe my Love ;
 Th' Extremity of Grief I feel at parting,
 Is the best Parallel to reach 'em both :—
 Farewel—for ever—now adieu the World —

Yet, e'er I go, be thou my Witness, Heav'n :
 That no self-flatt'ring, no vain-glorious Thought,
 Has urg'd me to devote myself for *Rome* :
 No Hope to live in the World's Memory,
 The Marble, featur'd into *Regulus*,
 The eternizing Brass, inscribing Fame ;
 No, not the Wonder of a future Age—
 No Motive, striking on the Pride of Man,
 No Ostentation swells within my Purpose,
 But undistinguish'd Benefit to all,
 And my first, last great Care—my Country's Glory.

S C E N E VI.

MARTIA, CLELIA, *Children.*

Mar. Ha! Gone? —for ever gone? —too cruel
Regulus!

No more at parting —and yet gone for ever ?
 Shou'd he not have return'd, and said once more
 Farewel—then afterwards return'd again——
 And said again Farewel—e'er he went hence for ever?

Cle. My dearest Mother! — I wou'd give thee
 Comfort, ——

But

But that I find I want it for myself.

Mar. What say'st thou? — Comfort — 'tis for
Ease and Quiet;—

It sleeps upon the Down of sweet Content,
In the sound Bed of Industry and Health :
It flies the Wretch like me—the Wretch indeed—
Whom Hope has left—and in their Room, behold
Despair and Phrenzy—see they madly join,
Whirling consuming Fire thro' all the Brain :—
Hail Horrors! hail Destruction! welcome Death!
Thou art my Ease, my Comfort, and my Hope :—
How is Death alter'd! what a Change is here!
Or did the Poet's Fiction do him wrong?
Instead of empty Sockets—two fair Eyes
Inviting with mild Lustre, and his Cheek
Fresh with the rosy bloom of youthful *Hebe*—
His horrid Grin, chang'd to a pleasing Smile:
Come, thou shalt be my Guide—conduct my Steps
Where I may find my *Regulus*—

Sec. Child. O Sister, speak, and give my Mother
Ease,

Or teach me how to do it.

Mar. Where has my Fancy wander'd?—the gay
Dream,
The fond Delusion has forsook me now—
And I am still alive—and still most wretched.

SCENE VII.

MARTIA, DECIUS, CLELIA, &c.

Mar. Ha! *Decius*!—speak — say — where is
Regulus?—

What—gone?

Dec. Too sure :—I saw him pass the Gate,
Where weeping *Rome* attended;—and, Oh *Martia*!
How shall Description paint what I beheld?—
On Friends that crouded for a last Adieu,
Stedfast he gaz'd, and solemnly took leave,

Short

Short were his Farewels——But advancing farther,
 Thrice he look'd back, and thrice assay'd to say
 Farewel my Country— but here, rising Sorrow, -
 (Till now suppress'd) bore down the strong Restraint,
 And in a Flood of Tears drown'd all his Speech : -
 Earnest he gaz'd—and with entreating Eye,
 And Hands up lifted, seem'd to pray for Blessings
 Upon the *Roman* People : — then fetching from his
 Heart

A sadly-pleasing Sigh—he turn'd away——
 And, silently resolv'd, pursu'd his Journey.

Mar. Decius!——

Dec. Thy Sorrow is too big for Words ;——
 Let us retire and mourn :—My dearest *Clelia* !
 Thou art my Part of *Regulus* ; thy Worth
 Will be a strong Remembrancer of his,
 A Mirrour of thy Father's :—Equal *Jove* !
 If thy all-judging Pow'r designs for *Decius*
 Aught differing from the common Race of Men ;
 Let it be given to this fervent Pray'r !—

Grant me, O Father both of Gods and Men !
 'T' love, like *Regulus*, my native Land,
 And die, like him, when 'tis her great Command.

The End of the Fifth Act.



